

## GREAT NEW BRIDGE BEING BUILT ACROSS EAST RIVER AT NEW YORK.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.  
New York, April 24.—The Eastern District of Brooklyn will shortly be within walking distance of the great East Side of Manhattan, the sixth "rope" having been stretched on the new East River Bridge on Tuesday last.

The six ropes make up two cables for the footbridge, but six additional wire ropes will be necessary before the work can be started on the main bridge. The wire has arrived at the Manhattan anchorage, and the work of towing the next three ropes to the anchorage will be done before the end of next week.

With the completion of the foot bridge the work of completing the new bridge will begin in earnest. The steel towers of the structure rise 150 feet above the water. Each tower is surmounted with four steel saddles for the support of the cables. The towers each weigh 3,000 tons.

The placing of these saddles, which was accomplished a month ago, was the most hazardous undertaking in the construction of the bridge. Each saddle weighs thirty-two and a half tons, and is one of the heaviest and most difficult castings ever made. They are so arranged as to move slightly on rollers as the cables change in length from changes in load and temperature.

For each cable, thirty-seven strands of 25 wire each will be made by splicing wires 1/2 inch in diameter and not less than 4,000 feet long, together into a continuous wire for each strand.

The strands will have a spool or shoe at each end through which the end pins of the anchor chain will pass. The wire will be laid straight and when all the strands for a cable have been completed the whole 10,357 wires of that cable will be bound closely and compactly together

and secured into a cylindrical mass about eighteen and a quarter inches in diameter by cast steel bands.

These bands will be placed about twenty feet apart, and will also serve as saddles for the support of the suspender ropes. Steel or iron is in its strongest form when drawn into wires, and this wire is required to have a tensile strength of at least two hundred thousand pounds per square inch. The pull on the four cables, due to the weight of the bridge and its load, will be about twenty thousand tons, and this pull will be resisted wholly by the strength of the anchorage.

The suspended structure, or portion of the bridge carried directly by the cables, will be connected with them by the suspender ropes, which are to be made of twisted wire and will each be one and three-quarters inches in diameter. This structure will weigh about 7,500 tons, and will be completed in about a year.

The anchorage is one of the most interesting points about the new structure. The anchorages appear to be solid masses of masonry, and very few persons have the slightest idea of the means by which the cables are made fast within. The dimensions of the base of the masonry at the Brooklyn anchorage are 17x153 feet. The stone walls are 105 feet in height, but nearly half is below the surface of the ground.

The foundation is partly built on quicksand, and in this an enormous mass of pile timber, bolted together, constitute the bed for a concrete foundation about fifteen feet thick. The timber and most of the concrete is below the high-water level of the river.

The heavy castings to which the cable chains are attached are buried in this mass

Giant Strength of the  
Multitudes of Cables  
Which Will Be Called  
Upon to Bear Hun-  
dreds of Thousands of  
Tons of Weight.

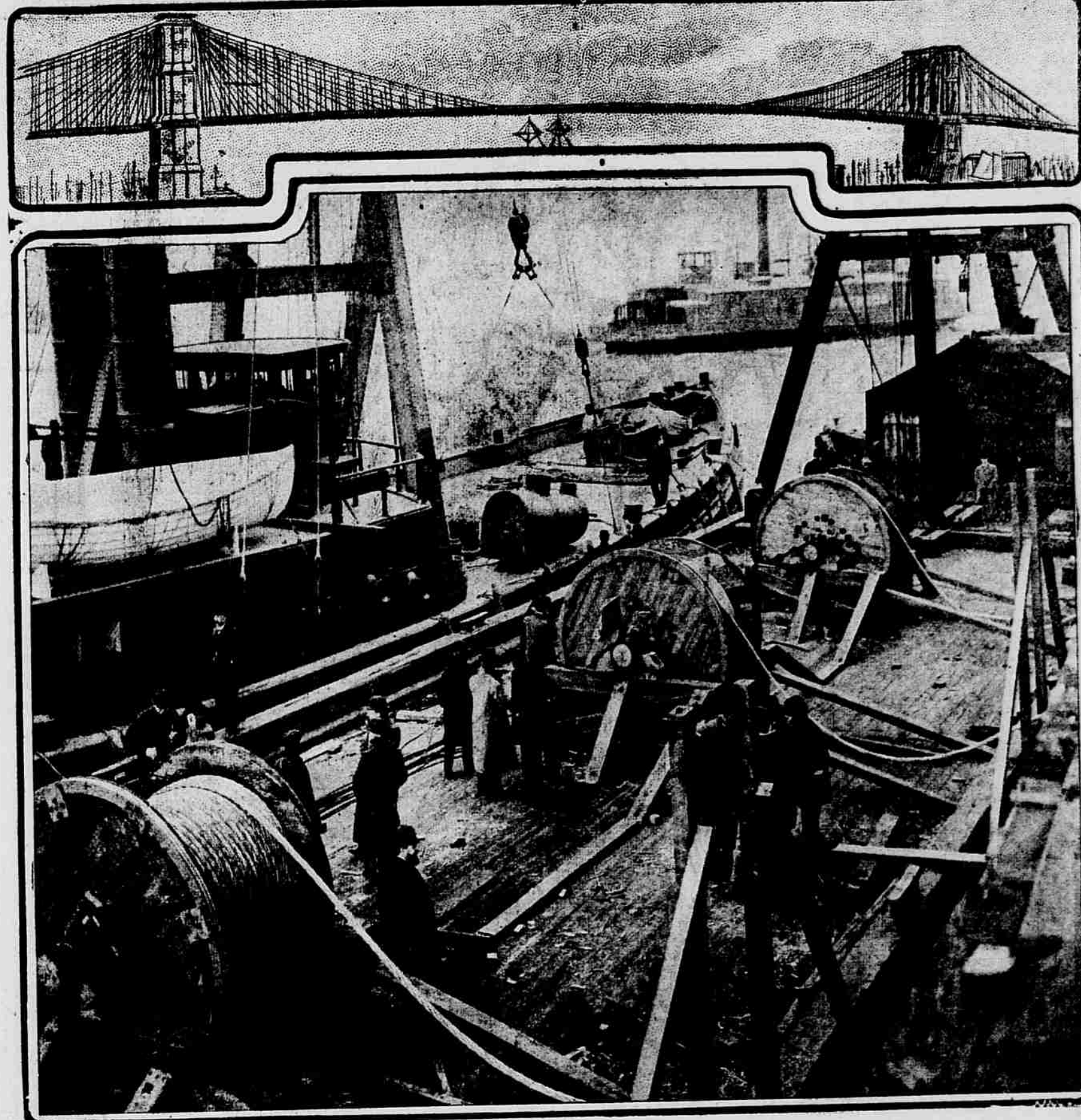
of concrete, and above them rise the granite walls, weighing them down securely on the landward side.

To the top of each cable near the landward edge of the masonry are attached the so-called cable chains. These chains are made fast to the plates by enormous steel pins, many inches in diameter, and about fifty feet underground. The chain rises at this point in a curve which equally distributes pressure and weight to a level, a little lower than the top of the riverward granite wall and about thirty feet within it. There they terminate in paired links with eyes, to which the subdivisions of the cables will be secured by clevis-like links, into one end of which the wire of each section will be spread into a conical shape.

The approaches to the structure will be left open. It is not intended to have any immense portals or great terminal structures at the entrance to the bridge. The entire width of the structure will be clear of obstruction, as belts the street systems of the two boroughs. Large plazas, or open squares, are to be provided to avoid crowding of vehicles of every kind, and every effort will be made that they may be fully and wholly used for this purpose.

The elevated railway tracks will pass at a good elevation over this plaza. The cycle paths will emerge on the plaza in a line with the axis of the bridge. The trolley tracks will pass into it outside of the cycle paths and the carriage ways outside of these. The foot walks for pedestrians will be carried under the cycle paths at the terminus and charged into the two cross streets nearest the terminus and away from the rush of vehicles of all kinds.

It is estimated that the cost of the new bridge will be about \$10,000,000.



LAYING THE CABLE OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE—THE CABLE FLOAT AND THE BIG TUG CHAMPION THAT HEADED THE PROCESSION FOR THE BROOKLYN SHORE. TAKEN FROM THE NEW YORK PIER.

### WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS EDWARD THE SEVENTH?

What kind of a man is he?—for the qualities essential to a King are many and varied. asks a writer on King Edward VII in Harper's Magazine, and then he proceeds to answer:

Loyalty is to the English, said Emerson, a kind of sublimity; reason the more they must have some one to be loyal to, a man and not a mere lay figure on a throne. They have ever, and during his long minority, shown an affection for the Prince of Wales. Why? There is but one answer. He was worthy of it. He was an Englishman like themselves, with English tastes, views of life, conceptions of duty, and fidelity to them. No heir apparent to any throne was ever asked to play a part more difficult than his. The mere social difficulties were enormous. The Queen's widowhood withdrew her from social life. English society was left without its natural leader. The Queen was seldom in London, and the state she kept at Windsor, at Osborne, at Balmoral, was but mod-

est and rather fitful. Inevitably, many of her duties fell upon the Prince and Princess of Wales. How were they to discharge them? Their means were inadequate. Marlborough House is very far from being a palace, and Sandringham is but a country gentleman's place, second or third rate. What it was possible to do was done. The Prince held levees in behalf of the Queen at St. James's Palace. Marlborough House entertainments were not and could not be numerous, yet it became the social center of London, while Buckingham Palace offered few signs of life to the beholder except the scarlet-coated sentries on duty at the gates. But what the Prince did, the Princess joined with him, was to modify if not to revolutionize the relations between the Court, so far as it was his court, and the general society of England. Since they could not ask society in any great numbers to come to the palace, they went to society. They mingled with their fellow-subjects, accepted invitations in London and to houses in the country. It had never been done before with anything like the same freedom. Strict etiquette was against it; from the Continent the court pedants looked on as a

When the daughter of the late Alexander the Second, Emperor of all the Russias, married the Queen's second son and came to England as Duchess of Edinburgh, her royal and imperial Highness was shocked by what seemed to her the leveling customs which prevailed. She brought Russian ideas with her. When she drove in the park she would scarce return the salutes she received. She refused to visit. She said: "True, my father sometimes goes to a nobleman's house, but when he does the owner of course leaves it." Presently these Tartar manners were tamed. I once saw a striking example of the Prince's influence in such matters. He came with the German Emperor on board the Teutonic, lying at Spithead one Sunday afternoon in 1893, waiting for the naval review. The First Lord of the Admiralty was there to receive them, and a brilliant company of guests besides. As they stepped on deck the Emperor, in response to lifted hats and bows, just touched his white cap. The Prince of Wales shook hands cordially with Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Ismay, and other near him. The inspection over, the ample and shod hands. It is a slight incident; it is also significant.

## How Congressman Vandiver Shaved Judge Hitt in a Cape Girardeau Barber Shop.

And the Judge Lived Through It.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Congressman W. D. Vandiver a few days ago in a Cape Girardeau barber shop shaved Judge Hitt, one of the city's distinguished residents. The undertaking, while unpleasant to the Judge, was watched with pleasure by several of their constituents, who gathered in the shop to witness the unusual spectacle of a Congressman doing the tonorial act with a member of the bench in the chair.

Congressman Vandiver and Judge Hitt met in the barber shop, and while waiting their "turn" the question of shaving was discussed. Congressman Vandiver stated that he was at one time quite handy with a razor, and had shaved the boys in the rail splitting camps. Judge Hitt suggested that the Congressman shave him. Mr. Vandiver acquiesced after considerable haggling, it being stipulated that Judge Hitt should pay 50 cents for the shave.

The barber of the shop provided Congressman Vandiver with a razor, cup and brush, towels and the necessary articles for the shave. Judge Hitt, trembling, but game, took the chair. Then the porter was sent out for a photograph, and instructed to summon the fact that Congressman was shaving a Judge to all whom he should meet. The porter did his work well, and soon a large crowd had gathered.

Congressman Vandiver is said to have lathered the Judge somewhat like a new whitewash on a fence on a hot day. He was not particular as to where the lather went, and as a result Judge Hitt's eyes, mouth, ears and nostrils were filled.

After the lathering process was completed, and Judge Hitt had sputtered his objections, much to the delight of the crowd, the Congressman began to shave.

Whether by accident or otherwise, the barber shop proprietor had not given Congressman Vandiver the sharpest razor in his establishment.

"Ouch!" cried the Judge.

"Shut up, or you'll cut yourself," said the Congressman.

"But it pulls," said the Judge.

"That's the fault of your beard," said the Congressman.

"Can't you wait it up a bit?" asked the Judge.

"What—the beard?" asked the Congressman.

"No, you numskull—the razor!" said the Judge.

"If I do I'll cut the strip and you'll have to pay for it," said the Congressman.

"Well, don't make it any worse by blowing your breath in my face," said the Judge.

"I've got to get close enough to the noll to see where to dig," retorted the Congressman.

"Sorter grubbin' around, eh?" asked the Judge.

The Congressman did not reply. He merely reached over, got a brush full of lather and lathered thoroughly.

"Great guns, Van, this ain't a shampoo!" spluttered the Judge.

"No, but it's liable to be a wake if you don't keep still, and we charge \$5 for shaving a corpse," blandly argued the Congressman.

"Surely you wouldn't keep this thing up after you'd killed me," pleaded the Judge.

"This wasn't all that was said, but the rest was pretty much of the same style. At various times the Congressman tried to be sociable in a really professional way. He mentioned the glorious condition of the weather, but thought maybe it would rain; he wondered if the next "coupe" that came to Cape Girardeau would have a young son or two; or an old one; he feared that politics was going to begin too soon next year, and deprecated the pernicious activity of office-seekers, anyhow; he asked if the Judge was going to move to St. Louis at the time of the World's Fair, so he could attend regatta, or was just going to run up there every little while for a few days at a time; he thought the Cape Girardeau baseball club—if there should be a club this year, and he hoped there would—could everlastingly beat the DeSoto club if they should ever meet.

But the Judge just grunted. It was dangerous to do more and impossibly to do less. And besides, he felt like grunting. It was a means of securing relief, and gave him a chance to ungrit his teeth.

He was such a young fool, and if she does not agree with me, I'll—

"Oh, thank you, sir, the fourth classmen, really concur with this, sir. They are at the academy, and we hope, in consideration of this and of the heroic conduct of Cadet Midshipman Bird, that you—that you—will show us—"

"In short, won't you ask the Secretary of the Navy to pass it by this time, sir?"

"Young gentlemen," said the Admiral, his weather-beaten face flushing with pleasure, "your conduct does you honor, but it is what I might expect from the future officers of the United States Navy, especially with such examples of gallantry honor before them as that of the two young gentlemen in question. Tell your classmates I will see that can be done with the Secretary of the Navy, and all punishments incurred on this occasion will be suspended until the receipt of Mr. Bird, you are not to go to the Santee. Mr. Bird, you may take command of the battalion once more, and I will tell you something, sir, that no man command the other men until he has learned to command himself."



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE.

Of course, the game ended after awhile. All the soap was used up, and it had to end. The Congressman rubbed the Judge's face with a new crash towel, bathed it in particularly strong bay rum, and rubbed it again. Then he took an angle comb and a strenuous brush and a big bottle of imperial hair oil, and attended to the Judge's hair. He attended to it thoroughly; he made two curls to grow where none had grown before; he gave a hint of a Japanese pompadour, and a suggestion of a Psyche

knot; and he tried to hang a Janice Meredith curl down the Judge's right shoulder, but couldn't get it to reach below the ear. At the end of two hours and forty-five minutes the performance was ended. "Fifty cents," said the Congressman. "Look here, Van, have you got the cheek to charge half a dollar for that shave?" asked the Judge. "That's only 15 cents an hour. How cheap do you want a man to work?" said the Congressman, resentfully.

### APARTMENT HOUSE FOR MUSICAL PUPILS.

Plan Proposed by a Man Who Speaks From Experience.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"If I had money enough to build a house a block square and ten stories high, and partition it off into a thousand rooms, and the enterprising man, 'I'd put up just as soon as the masons and carpenters could complete the job and rent out the rooms by the hour to students of voice culture."

"It's a wonder to me that the poor things that come here to learn to sing make half the progress they do in the cultivation of their vocal apparatus, considering the difficulty they have in practicing. My wife has two young friends who are students in the conservatory of music. They board out on Lucas avenue, and every bit of their vocal exercise is done at our house."

"It is impossible to practice at home. They say, 'For just as soon as we begin our scales and ab-o-o-o's somebody goes to the landlady and kicks about the unwarranted disturbance of their peace. We never can find time when there is not somebody around waiting for a chance to shut us out. If we tra-la-la in the daytime the women protest and if we put it off till night the men raise a row.'"

"When these girls first related their woes to my wife her good nature got the better of her discretion. 'Never mind,' she said, 'just come around my house and sing. And I know when my soul speaks outward, in its grand eternal quest, I shall say as I look back earthward, whatever is, is best.'"

I know that each sinful action, as sure as the night brings shade, is somewhere, some time punished. Though the hour be long delayed, Sometimes by the heart's unrest; And to grow means often to suffer. But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors in the great eternal plan, And all things work together for the final good of man. And I know, when my soul speaks outward, in its grand eternal quest, I shall say as I look back earthward, whatever is, is best.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

### Whatever Is, Is Best.

I know as my life grows older, And mine eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong, somewhere There lies the root of right; That each sorrow has its purpose, And the sorrows oft unguessed, But as sure as the sun brings morning, Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action, As sure as the night brings shade, is somewhere, some time punished. Though the hour be long delayed, Sometimes by the heart's unrest; And to grow means often to suffer. But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors in the great eternal plan, And all things work together for the final good of man. And I know, when my soul speaks outward, in its grand eternal quest, I shall say as I look back earthward, whatever is, is best.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

—Elin Wroth-Wilson.

### SKIPPER: THE STORY OF AN OLD WARHORSE.

How the Ex-Blue Ribboner Was Restored to Martin.

Sewell Ford in Scribner's Magazine. "Once at liberty, he climbed the roadway that led out of the lot. It was late in the fall, but there was still short sweet winter grass to be found along the gutters. For awhile he nibbled at this hungry. Then a queer idea came to Skipper. Perhaps the passing of a smartly groomed saddle-horse was responsible.

At any rate, Skipper left off nibbling grass. He hobbled out to the edge of the road, turned so as to face the opposite side, and held up his head. There he stood, as he used to stand when he was the pride of the mounted squad. He was on foot once more.

Few people were passing, and none seemed to notice him. Yet he was an odd figure. His coat was shaggy and weather-stained. It looked patched and faded. The spavined hock caused one hind quarter to sag somewhat, but aside from that his pose was strictly according to the regulations.

Skipper had been playing at standing post for a half hour, when a trotting dandy, who sported ankle-boots and top-boots, pulled up before him. He was drawing a light, bicycle-wheeled road-wagon in which were two men.

"Queer!" one of the men was saying. "Can't say I see anything queer about it, Captain. Some old plug that's got away from a squatter; that's all I see in it."

"Well, let's have a look," said the other. He stared hard at Skipper for a moment and then, in a loud, sharp tone, said: "Ten-shun! Right dress!"

Skipper pricked up his ears, raised his head, and adrooped stiffly. The trotting dandy turned and looked curiously at him. "Forward!" said the man in the wagon. Skipper hobbled out into the road.

"Right wheel! Halt!" said the dandy. The man, as Skipper obeyed the orders, "That fellow has been on the force. He was standing post. Looks mighty familiar, too—white stockings on two forelegs, white star on forehead—here, hold the reins a minute."

Going up to Skipper, the man patted his nose once or twice, and then pushed his muzzle to one side. Skipper ducked and countered. He had not forgotten his box-trick. The man turned his back and began to pace down the road. Skipper followed and picked up a riding-glove which the man had dropped.

"Dey!" said the man, as he walked back to the wagon, "two years ago that was the finest horse on the force—look at the blue ribbon on the forehead. Alderman Martin would bon at a thousand dollars for him as he stands. He has hunted the State for him, give a man a hundred dollars to find him. You remember Martin—Reddy Martin—who used to be on the mounted squad? Didn't you hear? An old uncle, who made a fortune as a building contractor, died about a year ago and left the whole pile to Reddy. He's got a fine car in the city government. Just checked him in. But he isn't happy because he can't find his old horse—and here's the horse."

Next day an astonished junkman stood before an empty shanty which served as a stable and feasted his eyes on a \$50 bank note.

If you are ever up in Westchester County be sure and visit the stables of Alderman E. Sarsfield Martin. Ask to see that oak-panelled box-stall with the stained-glass window, and the porcelain feed box. You will notice a polished brass name-plate on the door bearing this inscription:

SKIPPER.

You may meet the Alderman himself, wearing an English-made riding suit, loping comfortably along on a sleek bay gelding with two white forelegs and a white star on his forehead. Yes, high-priced veterinarians can cure spavin—Alderman Martin says so.

THE SCOTTISH ECHO.

The late Sirs Reeves was fond of telling a story that related to an early engagement in Glasgow, which was arranged through a metropolitan agency, says the Youth's Companion. One of the items on the programme was "Hail, Smiling Morn," and of course Mr. Reeves was put down for the solo portion. The chorus consists of an echo, and the London agent assured the soloist that a satisfactory choir had been engaged.

The whole matter was settled hurriedly. Mr. Reeves was at first disinclined to accept, as other engagements prevented him from reaching Glasgow in time for the rehearsal with the choir.

"Don't worry about that, my dear sir,"

## "Labby," the Unique Member of Parliament.



HENRY LABOUCHERE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, the member of the House of Commons who has vigorously opposed the increase in the appropriation for the royal family, is familiarly called "Labby." He has "had his flip" at Mr. Balfour and the Civil List of late, and is one of the stock assets of politics. The House of Commons would hardly be worth living in without him, says an English writer. Even Mr. Balfour would not willingly lose him. One of these days Mr. Milman or somebody else will probably write a book on the "Seven Wonders of Parliament," and the book will begin with "Labby."

There will hardly be room for the other six when the "Labouchere Wonder" is exhausted. At present the member for Northampton is one of the historic mysteries, in the same line as "Junius," the "Man in the Iron Mask," and the "Diamond Necklace."

"Daddy, did God make Labby?" asked a little girl at Northampton.

"I suppose so," exclaimed the bewildered father, and then out of the mouth of a babe came forth one more of those questions which dogs cannot answer.

"What for, Daddy?"

Nobody has ever yet been able to answer that question. The answer that comes to mind is that "Labby" was made to propagate Truth, the Journal of which he is editor. It has always been true that "Labby"

said the agent. "You will find the short perfect."

The concert was a success, and in due course "Hail, Smiling Morn," was called for. When the soloist came to the line requiring an echo he delivered them in his best manner. "At whose bright presence darkness flies away." Imagine his horror when the echo repeated his words in the broadest Scotch.

"Flee awa, flee awa!"

Yet Sirs Reeves averred that not a person in the audience smiled or appeared to see anything incongruous. When he talked over the matter with a baffle after the concert the good man assured him:

"That's just nothing at all. You were a little wrong in your pronunciation and the echo was correct. You see it was a Scottish echo."

It was Mr. Labouchere who christened Mr. Gladstone the G. O. M.

"I don't know," said Labby. "He left for Europe this morning."

It was Mr. Labouchere who christened Mr. Gladstone the G. O. M.

"I don't know," said Labby. "He left for Europe this morning."

It was Mr. Labouchere who christened Mr. Gladstone the G. O. M.

"I don't know," said Labby. "He left for Europe this morning."

It was Mr. Labouchere who christened Mr. Gladstone the G. O. M.

"I don't know," said Labby. "He left for Europe this morning."

It was Mr. Labouchere who christened Mr. Gladstone the G. O. M.

### THE ADMIRAL, THAYER, AND THE COMMITTEE.

An Incident of Cadet Life at the Naval Academy.

Cyrus Townsend Brady in Lippincott's Magazine.

There was an awful punishment, such as had not been known at the academy under the circumstances, but the superintendent was determined to stand out hazing, and the cadets which had come to his attention, as Thayer read the paper, his voice faltered more and more. It so happened that the Admiral and the Commander of cadets had strolled across the grounds and were standing back of the three upper classes, the pikes—

"I beg pardon, sir, the fourth classmen, really concur with this, sir. They are at the academy, and we hope, in consideration of this and of the heroic conduct of Cadet Midshipman Bird, that you—that you—will show us—"

"In short, won't you ask the Secretary of the Navy to pass it by this time, sir?"

"Young gentlemen," said the Admiral, his weather-beaten face flushing with pleasure, "your conduct does you honor, but it is what I might expect from the future officers of the United States Navy, especially with such examples of gallantry honor before them as that of the two young gentlemen in question. Tell your classmates I will see that can be done with the Secretary of the Navy, and all punishments incurred on this occasion will be suspended until the receipt of Mr. Bird, you are not to go to the Santee. Mr. Bird, you may take command of the battalion once more, and I will tell you something, sir, that no man command the other men until he has learned to command himself."

"Oh, thank you, sir, the fourth classmen, really concur with this, sir. They are at the academy, and we hope, in consideration of this and of the heroic conduct of Cadet Midshipman Bird, that you—that you—will show us—"

"In short, won't you ask the Secretary of the Navy to pass it by this time, sir?"

"Young gentlemen," said the Admiral, his weather-beaten face flushing with pleasure, "your conduct does you honor, but it is what I might expect from the future officers of the United States Navy, especially with such examples of gallantry honor before them as that of the two young gentlemen in question. Tell your classmates I will see that can be done with the Secretary of the Navy, and all punishments incurred on this occasion will be suspended until the receipt of Mr. Bird, you are not to go to the Santee. Mr. Bird, you may take command of the battalion once more, and I will tell you something, sir, that no man command the other men until he has learned to command himself."

"Oh, thank you, sir, the fourth classmen, really concur with this, sir. They are at the academy, and we hope, in consideration of this and of the heroic conduct of Cadet Midshipman Bird, that you—that you—will show us—"

"In short, won't you ask the Secretary of the Navy to pass it by this time, sir?"

"Young gentlemen," said the Admiral, his weather-beaten face flushing with pleasure, "your conduct does you honor, but it is what I might expect from the future officers of the United States Navy, especially with such examples of gallantry honor before them as that of the two young gentlemen in question. Tell your classmates I will see that can be done with the Secretary of the Navy, and all punishments incurred on this occasion will be suspended until the receipt of Mr. Bird, you are not to go to the Santee. Mr. Bird, you may take command of the battalion once more, and I will tell you something, sir, that no man command the other men until he has learned to command himself."

"Oh, thank you, sir, the fourth classmen, really concur with this, sir. They are at the academy, and we hope, in consideration of this and of the heroic conduct of Cadet Midshipman Bird, that you—that you—will show us—"

"In short, won't you ask the Secretary of the Navy to pass it by this time, sir?"

"Young gentlemen," said the Admiral, his weather-beaten face flushing with pleasure, "your conduct does you honor, but it is what I might expect from the future officers of the United States Navy, especially with such examples of gallantry honor before them as that of the two young gentlemen in question. Tell your classmates I will see that can be done with the Secretary of the Navy, and all punishments incurred on this occasion will be suspended until the receipt of Mr. Bird, you are not to go to the Santee. Mr. Bird, you may take command of the battalion once more, and I will tell you something, sir, that no man command the other men until he has learned to command himself."

"Oh, thank you, sir, the fourth classmen, really concur with this, sir. They are at the academy, and we hope, in consideration of this and of the heroic conduct of Cadet Midshipman Bird, that you—that you—will show us—"

"In short